

# A B A L L A D

O N

*Lord PELHAM's Birth-Day, July 24, 1714.*

To the Tune of, *London is a fine Town, &c.*

## I.

**C**OME bring the Liquor hither,  
And *Matt.* raise up thy Voice :  
Lord *Pelham's* One and Twenty,  
And therefore we'll Rejoice.

In One and Twenty Bumpers  
Then let his Health go round ;  
Here's One and Twenty Verses  
Worth One and Twenty Pound.  
*O all ye Suffex Freeholders*  
*Come listen to my Story,*  
*'Tis of a Gallant Whig Lord,*  
*I Scorn to Sing a Tory.*

## II.

Next Year into the House he'll come,  
For to assist the State ;  
And there he'll Talk more than them All :  
Good Lord how he'll Debate !  
For he, you know, has Wit at will,  
And Tongue that glib will run ;  
And he's Wise enough for Fifty,  
Tho' he's but Twenty one.  
*O all ye Suffex Freeholders*  
*Come listen to my Story ;*  
*'Tis of a Gallant Whig Lord,*  
*I'll never Sing a Tory.*

## III.

This Lord most bountifully gives  
To all, both Drink and Food ;  
And knows no use of Plenty,  
But to do others good.  
Then merrily let's Drink about,  
And empty this here Bowl ;  
Altho' he has a great Estate,  
He has a greater Soul.  
*O all ye Suffex Freeholders*  
*Then listen to my Story ;*  
*And drink to this brave Whig Lord,*  
*Ne'er Sampled by a Tory.*

## IV.

This Day Six thousand Stomachs good  
With him did kindly Dine ;  
And every Man had on his Plate  
Of Beef a stately Chine.  
A roasted Oxe besides there was,  
Of great and goodly Mien :  
A Tun of Pudding in his Guts :  
Pray God preserve the Queen.

16/6



*O all ye Suffex Freeholders  
Then listen to my Story;  
Lord Pelham is a Whig Lord,  
There's no such Lord a Tory.*

V.

To the fair Shire of Nottingham  
When as this Lord shall come,  
He'll raise the Trained Bands around  
Without the beat of Drum.  
In Noble Sherwood Forrest  
Such a Racket we shall have,  
That Robin Hood, to see this Lord,  
Will bounce out of his Grave.  
*Then all ye Northern Free-holders  
Come hearken to my Story,  
And Vote for this brave Whig Lord,  
Who'll live like Tory Rory.*

VI.

In Haughton Park, of old Renown,  
A stately House he'll build;  
With a Hall as big as Pauls,  
And often better fill'd.  
A Score of Tables there shall stand,  
And all both broad and long;  
And Rumps of Beef shall enter, with  
A Bag-pipe and a Song.  
*Then all his jolly Tenants  
Come listen to my Story;  
And sit you down, and eat and drink  
Of all that comes before ye.*

VII.

Take every Man his Glass then,  
And raise his Jolly Voice,  
Lord Pelham's One and twenty,  
And therefore we'll rejoice.  
In One and twenty Bumpers  
Then let his Health go round;  
Here's One and twenty Verses  
Worth One and twenty Pound.  
*Then all ye Northern Freeholders  
Come listen to my Story;  
And Honour this same Whig Lord,  
You ne'er saw such a Tory.*

VIII.

All Happiness attend him,  
Long Life for to enjoy;  
A pretty Lady by his side,  
And every Year a Boy.  
Then may he live a Hundred Years,  
If he wou'd live so long;  
And when he's Dead, I have taken care  
He shall live in this Song.  
*O all ye British Freeholders  
Come listen to my Story;  
'Tis of a Gallant Whig Lord,  
My A——se upon a Tory.*

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